



Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

PRICE 10 CENTS

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.00  
Post Paid to all parts of the world

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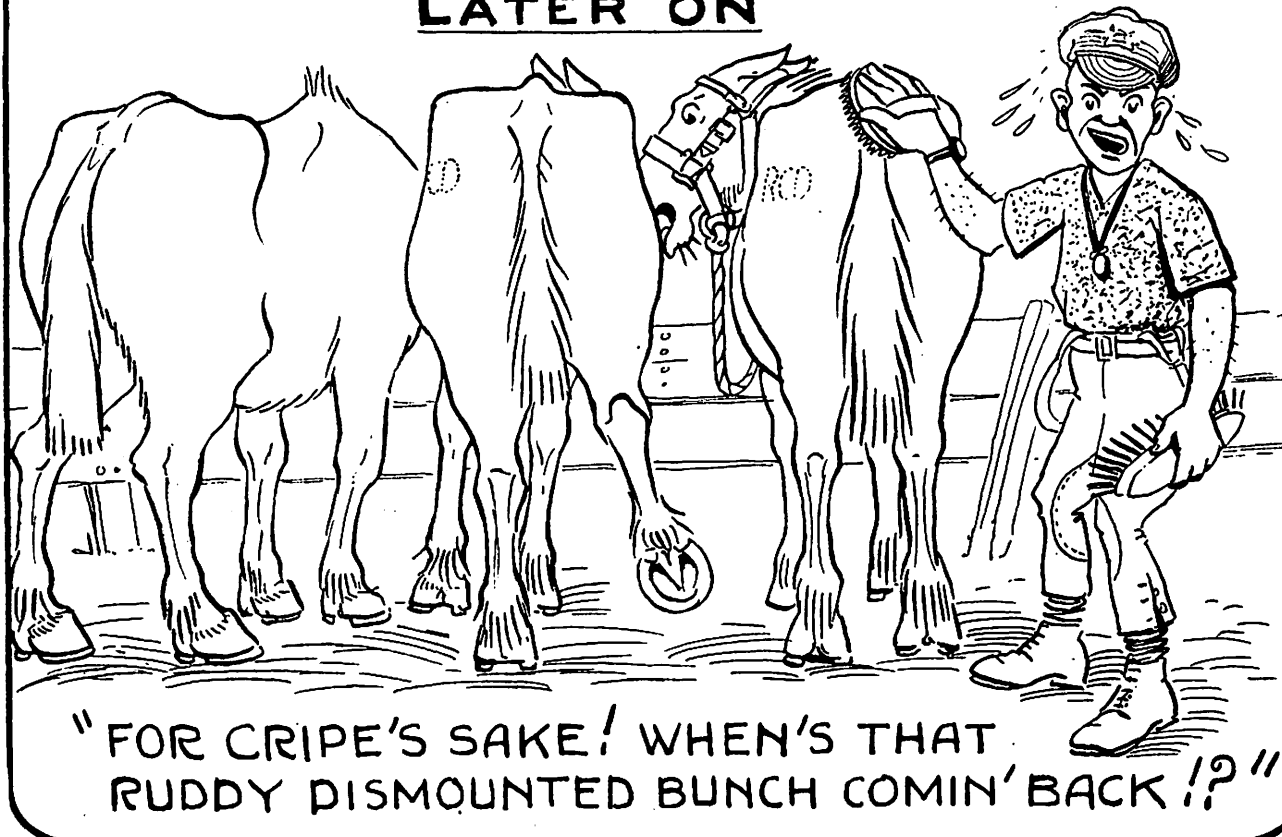
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### LATER ON



SCENE ABOVE SHOWS GENERAL SEELY ADDRESSING THE ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS AT ALDERSHOT HUTS, BELGIUM IN THE SPRING OF 1916.

## Editor's Notes.

We reprint in this issue a leader from the Montreal "Le Canada." We publish it in the original French because we feel that the sentiments expressed therein, if translated, would lose some of their value. The feelings expressed are those felt by all educated, deep thinking people of the Province of Quebec and are shared by the whole British Empire. This great feeling that exists amongst countless millions in our great Brotherhood of Nations has been magnificently expressed in the press all over the Empire since the grave illness of our King.

Further the expressions of sympathy that have come from almost all countries, from the highest and from the most humble alike, have shown what the world at large thinks of the British Monarch and British Constitutional rule. Of late we have had occasion to hear the opinions of some of the most prominent men of this Province of Quebec which is often called "French-Canada;" they have spoken in strong terms the reasons for their loyalty and high esteem for the British Flag. They say the British Empire stands for Freedom and Fair-Play such as no other country in the world enjoys. We feel, therefore, that the English-speaking parts of Our Country should know the true feelings of this Province so well expressed in the article we publish.

## Personal & Regimental

### St. Johns.

The C.O. wishes to congratulate Third Troop on the excellent room decorations at Christmas time.

"Bucephalus" wishes to thank the kind lady at Ottawa for his Christmas box of chocolate.

A green Christmas at St. Johns is a very uncommon sight. It was most unusual to see the farmers drive to church in buggies at this season. On New Year's Day we had a welcome fall of snow although the hidden ice made the footing somewhat treacherous.

N/S. Wurtelle and her sister Mrs. Hope McDougall entertain-

ed at tea on Christmas Day, in the sister's quarters at the hospital.

A dance was held in the officers' Mess to see the New Year in. The guests arrived about 10 o'clock and the party broke up at 2.30. After the New Year was welcomed in, supper was served, then followed some amusing exhibitions of dancing. The piece de resistance was a turn given by Lady Sarah Wight and Bonaparte Wee Donald which was followed by some hectic renderings of pieces from grand opera by the same couple. It was a real old fashioned family party.

On New Year's day Capt. Nicholls and Capt. Wood represented the barracks in the rounds of all the messes and armouries in Montreal.

A very kind letter was received from the Adjutant-General, Ottawa, sending the best of Christmas wishes to all ranks of Cavalry Barracks.

A Grand Concert will be held on Saturday, January 26th in the Barracks Theatre in aid of the St. Johns' branch of the S.P.C.A.

A dinner was given by the officers' mess on December 15th, guests present included the following:

General King.  
Col. Clarke.  
M. Brosseau.  
M. Sabourin.  
Mlle. Sabourin.  
M. Poulin.  
M. Camaraille.  
Mr. Vincent Cleary.  
Capt. A. MacLean.  
Mr. Boright.  
Capt. Rev. Coulthurst.  
Dr. Lafleur.  
M. Duval.  
M. Hebert.  
Major Timmis.  
Major Balders.  
Capt. Berteau.  
Capt. Grant.  
Capt. Logan.  
Capt. Wood.  
Capt. Nicholls.  
Lient. Chadwick.

Lient.-Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O. paid a flying visit to Cavalry Barracks on the 15th. All ranks were greatly pleased to see their Colonel looking so fit and hope he comes again soon and stays longer.

The editor saw Major Steer while in Toronto. "Shorty" and family are looking well and wish to be remembered to all old friends at St. Johns.

Our readers will regret to learn that Mrs. Bowie is seriously ill in Wellesley Hospital, Toronto.

Owing to illness while in Toronto, the editor was unable to look up many friends and give them the latest from St. Johns.

The children's Christmas Tree celebration was a great success this year, bringing joy to the hearts of the youngsters.

Sergeant D. Gardner is in Halifax taking a six weeks' course at the Royal School of Cookery.

Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D. and S.M. A. M. Doyle are in P.E.I. in connection with the Provisional School of Cavalry.

The tradesmen (Farriers, Saddler, Shoemaker and Tailor) have moved into their new quarters.

Our old friend Tommy Howe paid us a visit on New Year's Day and is quite himself again.

Ex-L/Cpl. Martin (Marty) was a welcome guest also over the holidays.

The editor received a letter from ex-Tpr. W. J. (Joek) Marshall who is in China with H.M.S. 'Castor.' He sends his best wishes to both Squadrons and S.S.M. Copeland. We are always pleased to hear from ex-members.

The following Officers and Other Ranks of the N.P.A.M. are attending the Royal Canadian School of Cavalry at St. Johns, Que. We extend to them a hearty welcome.

### Captains' Course

Lient. H. C. Brown, 8th P.L. (N.B.) Hussars.  
Lient. J. P. Ryder, New Brunswick Dragoons.

### Lieutenants' & Sergeants' Course

P/Lient. H. J. Miller, M.M., K.C.H.  
P/Lient. W. M. MacDougall, 8th Hussars.  
P/Lient. W. B. Busteed, N.B.D.  
P/Lient. P. C. Hamilton N.B.D.  
A/S.S.M. R. Keeley, N.B.D.  
Sergt. C. Birch, P.E.I.L.I.  
Sergt. L. Paynter, P.E.I.L.I.  
A/Sgt. R. C. Murray, 8th Hussars.  
A/Sgt. E. A. Weiling, 8th Hussars.  
A/Sgt. A. Bernatchez, N.B.D.  
A/Sgt. L. Smith, N.B.D.  
A/Sgt. R. H. Jackson, N.B.D.  
A/Sgt. H. Theroux, 11th Hussars.  
A/Cpl. W. Kirkpatrick, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.  
A/Cpl. W. Cooke, 17th D.Y.R.C.H.

### Toronto.

Ex-Tpr. R. Walsh 'B' Sqn. is still at Christie St. Hospital and he hopes that in the spring he will be able to leave the hospital and undertake a light position.

Ex-Tpr. S. Stanley, is often seen in the city and by all accounts he has just taken out a license. He has our hearty congratulations.

Ex-Tpr. H. C. Meade of 'A' Sqn. (the famous Sydney truck driver) paid a flying visit to the Barracks. Meade's weight since retiring from the service qualifies him as a heavyweight.

Did you ever have the pleasure of a truck ride at 2 a.m.?

Santa Claus was again performed by C.S.M. A. S. Wand, 'B' R.C.R. to the delight of all (except himself.)

The North Pole is not what it used to be.

The success was due to the C.S.M.'s efforts which the onlookers wish to thank him for.

Percy Bull late K.E.H. visited



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the Mess on New Year's Day. Unfortunately Percy was on crutches due to a motor accident or rather mishap while motoring. Nevertheless it did not keep the boys of the Canadian Cavalry Brigade from muster. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Q.M.S.I. E. Cox is at present on duty at Brantford with a Provisional School for 10th Brant Dragoons. He will probably be issued with his feathers while there.

The Mess at Stanley Barracks held their annual New Year's "At Home" and were visited by the staff of M.D. No. 2, General V.A.S. Williams and officers of the station, together with the delegation from the various messes of the Garrison. It was pleasing to note that one of the old members of the regiment in the person of Tpr. Harmon was present and who had the pleasure of shaking hands with Lou Till, whom he has not seen since the South African Campaign. It was really a wonderful gathering of old boys. May they all gather again next year.

The R.C.D. Sergeants' Mess Committee visited Christie St. Hospital on the 22nd of December and saw all the patients of the Regiment and presented gifts of cigarettes, flowers, etc., to each of them as well as to the Old Comrades who are unfortunately confined there by sickness. They also were able to provide for other members of the Permanent Force and such ex-Imperial Cavalry Officers, N.C.O.'s, and Men who are confined in this hospital.

It is with great regret that the single members of the Mess lost their Mess Secretary on December 25th. For many years has he held this position. Still the Mess wish to congratulate "Jackie" on his marriage. It has been stated that they have been fortunate, as they will at least have a good meal.

At the present writing it is noted that "Tommy" Sheehy and "Paddy" Walshe have had a narrow escape.

From the maxims of a cave man:  
Faint clout never won fair lady.

For the first time in many years the Stanley Barracks Cribbage Team are at the bottom of the Garrison Sergeants' Cribbage League which has resumed operations following the rest over the festive season, but the Captain of the team states that in future "Watch on smoke."

It has been noted that the above statement is credited to "Pop" Walshe as he says "we still have two games in hand."

### Standing 11-1-29.

Team	Player	Won	Lost	Draw	Points
Toronto Regiment	7	5	2	0	10
Royal Grenadiers	8	5	3	0	10
Toronto Scottish	8	5	3	0	10
H.Q.M.D. No. 2	8	4	2	2	10
Q.O.R. of Canada	8	3	2	3	9
48th Highlanders	8	4	4	0	8
C.A.M.C.	7	2	4	1	5
Queen's Rangers	8	2	5	1	5
Stanley Barracks	6	1	3	2	4
Irish Regiment	6	1	4	1	3

Postponed Game between Toronto Regiment and Irish Regiment will be played on the 17th instant.

### SEEN AT THE ROYAL WINTER FAIR.

Ex-R.S.M. T. Leblond, again officiating in the Hitching Ring.

Ex-Tpr. T. A. McCordick, 'B' Squadron, from Saskatchewan with a fine lot of animals. His driving in the ring was excellent. Evidently he has lost none of his cunning since leaving the service. It was a pleasure to meet 'Mac' again, although it was hard to recognize him after all these years. He states that ex-Tpr. Elder of the transport, overseas died some years ago of T.B.

An emphatic expression used at the Fair: 'Where is your 'at, sir?'

### CANADIAN CAVALRY ASSOCIATION CUP FOR PROFICIENCY DURING 1928.

**Won by 2nd Troop 'A' Squadron,  
R.C.D.**

The honour of winning the Canadian Cavalry Association Proficiency Cup for the year 1928 goes to 2nd Troop.

This handsome trophy was purchased by 'A' Squadron in 1924 from the funds accumulated from the annual grant for recreational purposes to the cavalry by the Canadian Cavalry Association. It is put up for annual competition between Troops of 'A' Squadron

and is held for that period by the Troop obtaining the highest percentage of points awarded for general proficiency.

**Marks obtained during 1928.**

Weekly record of Horsemanship and Interior Economy.	50.8	51.1	4
Sports (records)	8	9	3
Musketry (returns)	11	12	11
Discipline (conduct sheets)	3	8	9
	72.5	80.1	71.7

The Mounted Sports Cup was won by L/Cpl. J. Jennings.

The Allen Case Cup (Jumping) for Corporals and men was won by Tpr. L. R. Randle on "A.9"

### THE ROYAL WINTER FAIR 1928.

The Royal Winter Fair which lasted from November 21st to 29th (both dates inclusive) was a bigger success than ever. The entries were larger in all except the harness classes. The Hunter and Jumper classes were very large. (in many classes too large for the good of the show. Long classes bore the public.) A tip should be taken from the New York Nation where large jumping classes, of say, eighty, are run in two; separate prizes being given for each division. The committee draws the



horses for each division, which are shown in the catalogue. It is only reasonable to give more prizes in the classes that collect such large sums in entrance fees, as in the case of the Jumping Classes where many times the cost of the prizes are received in entrance fees; whilst the harness classes give away in prizes many times the total of the entrance fees.

The thirty-two file Musical Ride of "B" Squadron, R.C.D. was as popular as ever. A new feature was introduced in having electric lamps on the heads of the lances and on the horses' brow-bands. The ride was performed in a blue light rather subdued and some new figures were introduced with excellent effect. R. S. M. Churchward, M.M. was the instructor and also rode as one of the leads. Four trumpeters entered ahead of the ride and blew a fanfare as a prologue.

Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D. took the place of Col. F. Moss as chairman of the Ring Committee this year on the latter's retirement. Capt. Wood also had charge of the setting up of the jumps—a no easy task, as far as "A" (Olympic) and "B" (hunters) courses are concerned. We never saw the courses better set, nor the jump attendants work better and quicker.

S.M.I. Aisthorpe D.C.M., M.M. took the late Major James Widge-ry's place as Ringmaster. This important position was ably and successfully filled by him. Capt. Tom LeBlond (late R.C.D.) was again in charge of the assembly ring. The arrangements made and controlled by the Ring Committee and their assistants were most excellent and the floor of the ring was perfect. New York can learn much from "The Royal" in these important matters.

When the Rt. Hon. William Lyons MacKenzie King opened The Royal at the first evening's performance after making a speech he called for half a minute's silence for the late Ringmaster, Maj. Jas. Widge-ry, late of the R.C.D.'s, which was followed by Last Post.

#### American Army Team

The entente between Canada and our cousins across the border was augmented by the visit of the U.S. Army Team. Out of the twenty-two good jumpers that competed at New York, eighteen were

brought to "The Royal." The team consisted of Major Harry D. Chamberlin, Major A. W. Roff and Capt. W. D. Bradford of the U.S. Cavalry stationed at Fort Riley, Kansas; and Major C. P. George and Lieut. E. Y. Argo of the U.S. Artillery, stationed at Fort Sill, Oklahoma. Although this team captured most of the ribbons in the performance-jumping classes, they were also very successful in the hunter classes, on account of the good quality of so many of their horses; and Canada was indeed fortunate to have won two out of the five big performance classes (the Officers' International and the Touch and Out Stakes.)

The American officers under the genial leadership of Major Harry Chamberlin, entertained the Officer Commanding and Mrs. Bowie the Canadian Team and their friends and brother officers and wives at the King Edward Hotel after the final night of the show, to a very nice supper dance. Messages of good Christmas wishes to all ranks have been received from Majors Chamberlin and George. The former has promised to pay the Barracks at St. Johns a visit "en avion" in the spring.

### La Maladie du Roi.

Depuis quelques semaines les journaux publient tous les jours des colonnes de rapports sur la maladie du roi George V d'Angleterre. Il est évident que le chef suprême d'un vaste empire sur lequel, comme la légende se plaisait à le dire le soleil ne se couche jamais entièrement, est terrassé par une maladie très grave. Depuis son début toute la nation anglaise a été en suspens; les bulletins étaient attendus avec une impatience fébrile, les foules avides de renseignements passant les nuits dehors en face du palais de Buckingham pour en avoir la primeur.

Cette anxiété est bien caractéristique du sentiment de la masse de la nation anglaise à l'égard de son souverain et est une preuve du profond attachement du peuple à l'institution monarchique représentée dans la personne du Roi ou de la Reine. Il faut dire aussi que rarement monarque, entre tous ceux qui restent en ces temps modernes, s'est acquis une sympathie

plus universelle, une popularité de meilleur aloi que l'actuel roi d'Angleterre et empereur des Indes.

Au surplus, en Angleterre par la force de la tradition le peuple vénère, aime et respect le souverain comme le symbole de la grandeur de son empire et de ses libertés. Il ne représente pas l'absolutisme à la manière de l'ancien régime impérial russe, mais il sert de trait d'union entre le peuple et le Parlement, expression de la volonté populaire depuis les jours lointains de la Grande-Charte imposée par les barons à Jean-sans-Terre. Aussi pendant que tant de trônes éroulaient l'un après l'autre dans la vieille Europe, celui d'Angleterre restait toujours ferme et inébranlable comme le roc, comme un solide point d'appui pour le maintien de la loi et de l'ordre. Si l'Angleterre n'a pas toujours traité avec justice les peuples qu'elle a vaincus, elle n'en a pas moins trouvé dans la forme de monarchie constitutionnelle de son gouvernement l'une des causes principales de sa grandeur et de sa puissance. La personne du monarque représente tout cela.

Le roi George, auquel en cette heure d'épreuve va la profonde sympathie du monde, n'est pas absolument âgé; il n'a que soixante-trois ans. Mais il faut se rappeler qu'il a déjà subi une maladie grave il y a quelques années à la suite de laquelle il alla passer sa période de convalescence dans un climat plus chaud. Il ne servirait à rien de dissimuler le fait de l'état dangereux ou il se trouve aujourd'hui. Avant-hier on le disait mourant; hier une opération au dire des médecins, l'avait grandement soulagé, et l'espoir renaissait encore une fois. Mais quand les médecins disent que la lutte contre la mort sera longue et difficile, c'est bien le cas de dire que la vie ne tient qu'à un fil.

Le monde cependant continuera à espérer que ce fil ne sera pas rompu et que le monarque, objet de tant d'inquiétudes, triomphera finalement de la maladie, et sera conservé à l'affection et l'attachement de ses millions de sujets.

Le roi Edouard VII père du présent souverain, régna seulement neuf ans, était monté sur le trône à un âge où rarement une couronne est ceinte par droit de succession en effect au commencement de ce siècle le reine Victoria, sa mère,

disparaissait après l'un des plus longs règnes d'une tête couronnée en Europe, plus d'un demi-siècle. Le Roi George, d'un autre côté, a occupé le trône dix-huit ans, doublant ainsi la durée du règne de son père. Si la maladie devait avoir une issue fatale le prince de Galles, son fils aîné deviendrait roi à l'âge de trente-quatre ans. Mais chose singulière, le prince de Galles est encore célibataire. Il serait le premier souverain célibataire d'Angleterre depuis un temps immémorial

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## Christmas and New Year Dinners.

Christmas and New Year dinners at the Men's Mess were as usual a great success. A number of Old Comrades from Montreal came down and spent the day with us and a most enjoyable time was had by all. As in former years the Sergeants of the R.C.D. waited on the men and the excellent and at times professional manner in which they performed this labour of love (especially noticeable in those who propose leaving in the spring) suggested the sphere of activity in which they would undoubtedly make good in 'civvy life.' Needless to say their kindness was greatly appreciated by the members of the mess who have asked me to express their thanks.

The Officers of the Station not on leave, namely: Majors Timmis and Balders, and Captains Logan Nicholls and Wool, visited the men and wished them all the very best before dinner commenced. A large electric Victrola and Radio (kindly lent by Messrs Lesieur and Frere of St. Johns) greatly added to our amusement.

The Cooks (God Bless 'em) put up a splendid dinner and our heartiest appreciation and thanks go to them. In what measure the success of both occasions was due to their efforts few will ever know.

The arrangements made by the Mess Committee for the Smokers which followed were splendid, and the smokers themselves were splendidly conducted. Each night in Sergeants visited us and whenever they were called upon they responded heartily. Charlie Smith came in one night (he's not been feeling very well lately—a bad cold I believe) and received a rousing welcome. Of course the first thing the genial Charlie did was to choke the company off amid shouts of "Get off that Bl—y grass," and "For he's a jolly good fellow." As is well known he's second to none in handling men, but when it comes to singing a song it would seem as though he had taken his vocal lessons in a foundry.

Paddy Battle and "Cocks" sing well together. It was something about—"We'll all go to sea." Sgt. Britt sang "I'm a jolly old Stoker I work with the Shovel and the

Poker."

Tpr. White officiating at the piano rendered invaluable service and Tpr. McManus showed his versatility in various roles which called forth the applause of the house time after time. Both of the above boys should prove of great assistance in the formation of our Concert Party this winter. Freddy Powell was called on for a song but excused himself with the remark that he 'couldn't do a thing.' It was a great disappointment to the company who felt that the famous author of 'Soldiering' would be as adept at entertaining personally as he is with printers' ink. Such, however, is usually the case with great men of letters,—so they tell me. We're afraid, Freddy you are neglecting a most promising side of yourself. Nevertheless we were all glad to have you with us and hope you will visit us more often in future.

The Junior N.C.O.'s of this station paid a visit to the Sergeants' Mess on New Year's Day and had a pleasant time exchanging the season's greetings. (During most of the time we were flayed unmercifully by Charlie Smith (S. S.M.I.) who claimed we were overstaying our welcome.) Corporal Bentley, D.C.M. (Old Ben) proposed a toast to the seniors, which was responded to by Paddy Doyle (S.M.W.O.L.) who, on behalf of the members of the Sergeants' Mess commended the juniors for their splendid support during the past year.

Companionate Hurry Call.—An English bishop received the following note from the vicar of a village in his diocese:

"My Lord: I regret to inform you of the death of my wife. Can you possibly send me a substitute for the week-end?"

"Membership cards for the Royal Canadian Dragoons Old Comrades' Association, for the year 1929, are now available and can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Ont."

## Bytown Bits.

### Brigade Command Changes:—

Lieut. Col. R. M. Courtney, V.D., well-known Ottawa business man and military officer, succeeds Lieut. Col. L. P. Sherwood, V.D., as Brigade Commander of the Second Mounted Brigade of this city, who retired at the completion of his term on January 17.

Announcement of Colonel Courtney's succession to command of the brigade which includes the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards of Ottawa, of which he was once Commanding Officer, and is still Honorary Colonel, was announced by Headquarters of Military District No. 3.

His appointment will be welcomed by cavalrymen throughout the district and the Dominion, as he has had a prominent part in the military history of Canada for many years and has been honorary treasurer of the Canadian Cavalry Association since its inception in 1910. He was recently re-elected to this important office at the Association's annual convention at St. John, N.B.

Lieut. Col. Reginald Mortimer Courtney was born in Ottawa, and was a graduate of the Royal Military College, Kingston. He first served with the Brighton (New Brunswick) Engineers for two years, and then went to the Sixth Fusiliers, Montreal. He served in South Africa with the Strathcona Horse, and won the Queen's Medal and four clasps. He is also the holder of the Colonial Auxiliary Forces Long Service Medal, the South African Medal, the Queen Victoria Jubilee Medal, and the King Edward VII. Coronation Medal.

On his return to Canada in 1902 Colonel Courtney joined the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards of Ottawa with the rank of Major, and rose to command the unit. After having command of the P.L.D.G. from 1910 to 1913, he was transferred to the Reserve of Officers.

The 2nd Mounted Brigade comprises the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards, the 3rd Prince of Wales Canadian Dragoons and the 4th Hussars.

**Farewell Dinner:—**A pleasing event took place at the Royal Ottawa Golf Club, between Christ-

mas and New Year's when the Officers at National Defence Headquarters entertained at a dinner party in honor of Major-General H. C. Thacker, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who has relinquished the appointment of Chief of General Staff. A large number was present and the chair was taken by Hon. J. L. Ralston, D.S.O., the Minister of National Defence.

**New Year's Celebrations:**—The various messes of the Ottawa and Hull garrisons entertained in right-royal manner on New Year's Day. At noon the officers attended the levee held by His Excellency the Governor-General and then repaired to their own quarters where friends were received.

**Is About Again:**—The many friends of Col. H. C. Greer, S.D. of S. & T., were pleased to see him about again after his recent severe automobile accident in Toronto. Although Col. Greer is still receiving medical attention he was able to be home for the holiday season.

**Cadets in Town:**—The winter crop of Royal Military College cadets was much in evidence on the streets during the Christmas holidays. These clean-cut, snappy lads with the scarlet tunics and the white fur caps always catch the eye and many a sub deb suffered a heart throb when she was first introduced to one of the sophisticated youths from Fort Frederick.

**Buster is Back:**—Brigadier J. S. Brown, C.M.G., D.S.O., was in town recently on his return from England where he has been for the past year on duty. He has left for Victoria where he will take over command of M.D. 11.

**New Chief Arrives:**—Direction of Canada's militia services and the highest post in this branch of the Department of National Defence, changed hands Jan. 7th, when Brigadier General A. G. L. McNaughton, C.M.G., D.S.O., took over his duties at headquarters as Chief of the General Staff, in succession to Major-General H. C. Thacker, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., who

has commenced retirement leave. General Thacker has sailed for England for a brief visit. At five o'clock in the morning General McNaughton, his successor, stepped off the train which had brought him from British Columbia, and a few hours later was in his new office in the Woods Building, actively at work.

The new Chief of General Staff was closeted with Col. the Hon. J. L. Ralston, Minister of National Defence, nearly all morning and there was marked activity around the General Staff offices as the new regime commenced.

General McNaughton said he was glad to be back in Ottawa, where he was formerly at headquarters under Major-General J. H. Macias Deputy Chief of General Staff Brien, who preceded General Thacker in office.

By a happy coincidence General MacBrien, who is now prominent in Canadian aviation, also was in Ottawa at the time.

Major-General M. C. Thacker, who relinquished the post of Chief of General Staff, is understood to

have decided to live a life of semi-retirement on Vancouver Island after his return from a visit to Great Britain. He is on a leave of several months, so that his official connection with the Government does not terminate until next July.

It is reported that Gen. Thacker and a brother, also of the rank of general officer, have purchased small farms near Victoria, B.C., and intend to settle there and pursue gardening and farming in a small way.

Brig-Gen. McNaughton, following his service as Deputy Chief of Staff, was appointed as Canada's first representative on the Imperial Defence College shortly after it was organized in England, and spent some time overseas on this important duty. On his return he was appointed District Officer Commanding Military District No. 11, with headquarters at Victoria, B.C.

**War is Hell:**—One of the Ottawa papers recently printed as choice a bit of thinly veiled sar-



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ism as I have read for some time. The story alluded to the arrival of the new Chief of Staff and stated that "an unusual display of bustle and energy was apparent at National Defence Headquarters this morning."

## Maj. T.S. Hethrington Passes.

Major T. S. Hethrington who died in Quebec City on December 8th, was the father of Major E. A. Hethrington of Toronto who served with the Royal Canadian Dragoons until 1919. All members of The Regiment deeply sympathize with their Old Comrade in the passing away of his distinguished father.

The following is from the press of the Ancient Capital.

In the presence of a large number of friends and admirers, the late Major Thomas Summerfield Hethrington, one of the best known and highly esteemed citizens of Quebec was laid to rest this afternoon in the Mount Hermon cemetery. A touching tribute was paid to the memory of Major Hethrington, who for the last two generations has been an outstanding figure in the commercial, social and military circles in the Province and city of Quebec, by the large number of friends who attended his funeral this afternoon.

His passing is the cause of much regret and sorrow among his numerous friends in the Ancient Capital. During his lifetime the lamented always took an active part in the affairs of the city and was a fond lover of all kinds of sports, and his fine personality endeared him to all those with whom he came in contact.

For upwards of 40 years he was actively connected with the Canadian Militia retiring some years ago when commanding officer of the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars.

On two occasions he held office as president of the Quebec branch of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and was also a past president of the Quebec Board of Trade. His love of outdoor sports was well known to all Quebecers. For two terms he was commodore of the Quebec Yacht Club and was one of the best am-

teur sailors.

He was one of the founders of the Stadacona Fish and Game Club of which he was treasurer and also was a member of the Quebec Snowshoe and Golf Clubs.

In London, England, Major Hethrington was a member of the Royal Automobile Club, Pall Mall, St. George's Club, Weybridge, England, and in Canada of the Toronto Club and Garrison Club, Quebec, of which he was one of the oldest members.

## Noted War Host

During the World War the late Major Hethrington spent much of his time in England and kept "open house" for officers on leave. His residence, and his unfailing hospitality will be kindly remembered by many Canadian officers who had the privilege of his friendship during those trying years.

Humane philanthropic and religious institutions were always cordially supported by the lamented citizen and at the time of his outgoing Major Hethrington was the second oldest trustee at Wesley Church, Quebec.

In the year 1886 Major Hethrington was united in marriage with Evangeline Jones, who predeceased him in the year 1891, daughter of the late Mr. J. Lewis Jones of this city. He is survived by one son, Major Errol A. Hethrington and daughter-in-law Mrs. Hethrington, Toronto, and two grand children, Thomas Errol and Nancy, a brother, Frederick J. Hethrington, Ottawa a sister, Mrs. A. Frank Ashmead, Cranleigh, England.

## MRS. J. WOOD ENTERTAINS

On Saturday, December 22nd, Mrs. J. Wood, accompanied by Capt. J. Wood and son, called on the members of 3rd Troop to wish them the compliments of the season. After being introduced to her Troop by Capt. Wood, Mrs. Wood explained it had been her custom while in Toronto to meet the members of her husband's Troop in this manner each Christmas, and that this being her first Christmas in St. Johns it was a great pleasure for her to be able to carry on this custom here.

Wine and cakes was then pas-

sed after which our charming host drank to the health of 3rd Troop. Sergt. "Bill" Campbell applauded expressing the pleasure it was for us to meet Mrs. Wood and thanking her for her wishes.

## CAMP BORDEN NOTES

Our old friend Pte. McGovern, R.C.A.M.C., is still doing his stuff, No. 9 or 13 at your call.

Joe Peplow was in Toronto again. Must be something in the wind.

Mickey Mickey, McKewen returned from Toronto sick but happy.

Mickey and Jock Alderson were seen on Strachan Ave., over New Years. "Nough Said."

We heard Alex. Gardner went East for Xmas. Others say he went "West."

Young Stanyer looked Camp Borden over last month.

Mickey and Alex were not movies held in the gym. last Tuesday. The "Still" must have been repaired.

Big Boy Stan. is on Camp Borden Hockey line-up this year. Stan. is keeping "Fit."

Mickey did not miss his train, it never left.

## IN THE SPOTLIGHT

Toronto

When our S.M. advised us that our horses were getting rusty, he must have been referring to those "Steeds of High Mettle" of which "Debout" writes.

We believe that the Top Sergeant had a swell time while on New Year's Leave.

Ask Jerry how much he expects to make out of his Rabbit Fund.

Our Flannel Lined Nickle-ed Coffee-Pot is still waiting to be won. Where are the Brains of the Army?

Who was the other rank who

went on New Year's leave with eighteen cents and a car Ticket.—  
—Did he walk back?

Who stole the Cook's Turkey???

Is "Old Man Sunshine" eligible for the Activity Ride? If so, think of the way the Rabbit Fund will swell.

As our S.M. remarked: We have some "heaving" pulling ahead—  
—A tug-of-war team for the Tournament.

Who are the men who sleep all day?—Must be the Night Riders.

The Lost Rider is no longer lost, but then the Musical Ride is over.

Are we going to have a rink this year or is the guy just practising for the Fire Dept.?

We see the R.C.R. had their Muster Parade the other day. The C.S.M. reported all four to be present.

Some girls think that just because we live near the Lake we are fish.

Ask Bill what it feels like for an Instructor to be storeman—you know—"US INSTRUCTORS."

You can never tell a soldier when he is in civvies, they all look like the Prince of Wales or Bank managers.

We are pleased to notice from a few remarks from St. Johns that that worthy station has at last awakened to the needs of a soldier in providing a Coffee Bar. We would suggest that they had overlooked the "Eat" in "Eat, Drink and be Merry"

Our M.O. has a man under observation;—Tiny went into the Canteen and asked for "One Chocolate Bar, and make it Nut."

"BULLER"

Competition—A beautiful young lady boarded the street car. 'Oi, lady,' pleaded Ginsberg, of Ginsberg, Ginsberg & Ginsberg, Incorporated, "please don't sit underneath my advertisement.

## SUGGESTED NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS.

**John Dee:**—To mention Battlefields not more than 365 times in 1929.

**Quarter:**—To personally weigh each bale of hay and sack of oats, to ensure the troops getting enough.

**Windy:**—To preserve a calm and collected manner at all times, as in the past.

**Top-Sarge:**—To stick to his present motto. "Here's to Temperance, Down with Liquor."

**Hider-Bird:**—To maintain his present campaign against gambling in any form.

**Old Man Sunshine:**—Not to interfere with the C.O.'s orders re half holidays.

**Duffy:**—To be satisfied.

**Knee-Pads:**—To take a course in voice culture, to ensure a complete understanding of what he wants done, and on no account to detail more than three (3) men for one horse.

**Shawnski:**—To try and persuade the men not to buy Canteen Tickets, but to borrow (or try to) from their Troop Sergeants.

**Smithy:**—To serve as many second helpings when he is there as we get when he isn't.

**Nick:**—To decide once and for all whether St. Kits is a better place to live in than Toronto.

**Shooley:**—To consider the Public Safety, and not buy a Motor Bike.

**Tiny:**—To use kind words only, when dealing with recruits.

**The Lost Rider:**—To wear a label at all times when out of Barracks.

"BULLER"

## THE BOOK OF DEBOUT

### Chapter II.

To ye all greeting, and on ye be peace. Among the Men of Musiek a time of peace and goodwill had come. It was at the time of the Christmas, being in commemoration of an Great and Good King who had come on earth to guide men along an thorny and narrow road, which however led to the goal of greater things. So great and wise had been his teachings that down the many hundreds of years they had continued stronger and stronger.

Even among the Men of the Ry-

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MONTREAL

des, these teachings had taken root, and it had become their custom at this season to make right any quarrels that might have been among them; man and man in brotherly fashion forgiving him who had aroused his ire. Even the great Captains were wont to come down among their lesser ones and carry to them a message of good cheer, saying that they themselves had made up their divers quarrels and had become amicably minded one to another. All of which the lesser ones heard and wondered at especially the latter.

Set between the Captains and these men who performed, was one, an great one, of the House of Orange, an disciple of St. Patrick, of whom at divers times throughout the closing year there had been many mutterings. He, under the benign spirit of the time had become mellowed and told unto the men of the Musiek, that he and they were for the one great cause and that it behoved them to do their devious tasks in a brotherly manner; and moving in and among those he commanded he specially, in turn blessed them gaining from

every men present an pleasant and warm answer.

Because of the tokens of respect that had been paid to be of the emblem of the Orange, overnight he had ruminated thereon and it had made warm his heart unto his men. Saying thus to them the following day in a voice which had become thick with emotion, "I want to thank you for the things which were said to me yesterday. I know when the time comes we will stand together for our Old Flag. You have become a great comfort to me in my Old Age. I thank you."

These things he spake unto them in a voice torn with affection and gratitude.

I.Debout, say unto you that the time of Christmas yields an benign and heart-warming influence, even to those who are verily the sternest of warriors, and it giveth us to think deeply on this.

I leave you for a space to go unto the stables to perform those tasks appointed unto me. On ye all be peace and may prosperity abide with you all, in the passage of the year to come.

"DEBOUT"

# Soldiering.

(Continued)

By F. W. Powell.

## Those Sinn Feiners.

How many of the congregation. I wonder, remember the activities of the body of men gathered together in the regiment secretly and serving under the name of "Sinn Fein"? Personally I know but very little of them. In consequence, here and now, do I make the sincere request that one or more of the ring-leaders come forth and dig deeply in the ground over which I must of necessity barely skim.

They originated in 'B' Squadron. If B'll Copeland was not the Lord High Executioner he ran him a close second. Jim Dempsey was something or other on "The Staff" and Taffy Walters occupied a prominent place in the Intelligence Department. Their large following was, I believe, confined exclusively to 'B'. The lordly 'A' could not be expected to be connected with anything so unorthodox and as for the "Civvy Soldiers" of 'C', well the opportunity to enlist was never offered us.

These "Sinn Feiners" were quite good. Very well organized with a H.Q. Staff and complete right down the scale to the simple soldier. When the rest of the regiment was sleeping the "Sinns" were out on manoeuvres. My knowledge of their activities is second hand and I regret my inability to spread myself on this most interesting force. Their adventures were many and it goes without saying that "Goat" readers generally would welcome further details from one who actually conducted the many engagements. S. M. Copeland is the man for the job and should come out of his shell and increase his fame. His 'Boys of Flannigan's Band' will never be forgotten. His records of the 'Sinn Feiners' could not be otherwise than enormously entertaining.

How about it, William?

Good-bye LeMesge, and—

Our stay at LeMesge is drawing to a close, praise be to Allah. There remains much dirt for me to hurt

but fear of monotony holds my hand and I'll hurry along to the bright and happy day when we said with all our hearts, "Good-bye LeMesge, and ———" This line do not mean what your none-too-clean mind suggests. Never mind, I know and that's enough.

The rain did its damndest to break our hearts but lost out. It is most refreshing to recollect how well the troops stood up under such handicaps. A compassionate somebody secured a few tents to relieve the situation. The allotment was one per troop. Each section tossed for the prize and delightful old Buck Lonsdale won it for ours, No. 1 Section, 1st Troop 'C'. Loud was the rejoicing. Hearty the congratulations. But not for long. Following a very heated discussion it was decided we assure ourselves of exclusiveness by pitching it down on the flat beside the road along which the horses slithered three times a day on their way to water. The logical place was on top of the hill but the majority ruled otherwise. Subsequent events favoured my cherished opinion that majority rule is not always the best. Three times each day men and horses would plow on and over this luckless tent in their endeavour to avoid the mud. Needless to say how short a time it took for them to make our tent unpleasant. We'd sit and curse fervently as they tore out the pegs, smashed the ropes and put their feet into our backs, but how wholeheartedly would they respond in kind! Whoopee.

The air was lurid. Surprising the extent of the vocabulary of a fed-up soldier watering horses. No, madam, I would not advise the army as a profession for your gently nurtured son. He'd die of mortification in no time. The Church perhaps or else the Strathcona's.

Another admirable memory is connected with the issue of rum to which so many Godly if not God-like people took violent umbrage. Officially, you remember, each man was supposed to present him-

self before the Quarter Bloke, accept thankfully his ration and swallow it on the spot. At LeMesge this procedure was not followed. In reply to the call, "Roll up for your rum" a reliable man (Preferably a non-drinker) would be persuaded to brave the elements, risk losing his life in that horrible sea of mud that must be traversed going and coming and transport in his mess tin the section's issue from whoever issued it to his expectant companions. Cavalry mess-tins were not built for this purpose. Comes to that, for the life of me can think of nothing to justify their existence at all. They don't hold half enough in the first place. Should it be necessary to carry it a few yards, more than half flops out en route. Happy the wise man who, deaf to orders, hung on to his Infantry mess tin. Rum is much too valuable to waste. That's why non-drinkers were sought to fetch and carry it. To our eternal shame and disgrace it must go on record that we had in our section but one of these merchants, who, alas, was not always willing to oblige.

The name of this rara avis?

Shall I? Dare I? Yes! it was E. Geo. Green who by this time, I'm sure, has repented and no longer refuses that which warmeth up the tummy and causes men to love even their enemies.

Am I correct in this, Georgie, my son? If not, just make another hideous caricature of a face at best singularly unlovely and call it square.

Tell you why non-drinkers were preferred to perform these errands. The men of "C" were renowned for their high intelligence. Their heads supported more than their caps. This should be explanation enough but I must think of the other Squadrons. A drinker, for example, is sent for the rum. Fully realizing scene will be spilled en route he prevents the unnecessary loss by removing from mess tin as much as he thinks would otherwise fall upon the ground. What's that? Where did he put it? Well! I ask you? Did I not emphasize we are dealing with the brainy ones of 'C'?

Did we not know Green so well, we would never believe him that unforgettable night when he appeared amongst us sad of face to confess that he had slipped and lost the whole bally issue. Come

to that am not quite sure of the authenticity of his explanation even yet. Many were there too glad to pay well for any buck-shiee (I spell phonetically in this instance.) It rends my heart to expose these regimental skeletons to the vulgar gaze of the general public but my nature forces me to adhere strictly to the truth and nothing but the truth. "You know what I mean."

Before leaving LeMesge we really must make a somewhat tardy apology to that poor old dear who kept the one epicure of the village. The way we bamboozled her was a crime. Her simplicity was pathetic and her 'dumbness,' her undoing. A party of about five of us would enter the shop with perhaps half a franc between the lot. We'd be most affable and talkative. She'd smile delightedly as we left but she never knew that each of the five would have concealed about him merchandise to the value of much more than the original half franc of which a few centimes still remained. How did we do it? Look here, I must draw the line somewhere by refusing to go into details.

Having somewhat appeased my conscience by this public confession I am free to go and sin some more.

Just when monotony threatened to destroy our sunny dispositions word was circulated that we were to shake the mud from off our feet and make for pastures new. This report was, as usual put down as so much something essential to a healthy bull and put away with the other rumours that had arisen in the past.

However, by all that is wonderful, this proved correct and on a nice rainy morning, to be exact, November 1st, 1916 we pulled out of LeMesge with the fervent hope that never again would we cast eyes on the blasted place.

To this "pulling out" hangs a tale that reflects rather badly on they from whom is expected common-sense at least. The reader who has followed me carefully through my meandering yarn knows all about the climatic conditions at this particular place. They were the uttermost last of the giddy limit. Cleaning up was neither possible nor insisted upon. The saddles lay in mud. To gladden the heart of a certain major





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who is rather fussy about these matters I will state that most of us did our utmost to keep the girths free from the mud that disfigured the rest of the saddles.

It is not difficult to visualize us setting out on our journey. Quite right. Nothing quite like it was ever before seen. Gone was the smart soldierly appearance of a posh cavalry unit. In its place was something like unto a fifty-ninth rate traveling circus. This could not be helped. For quite a long period had we been living in mud and corruption and it is not asking too much of even the most thoughtless, when we say our lamentable appearance was excusable.

Hear the end and bow your head in sorrow. Suddenly, at a cross road appears either the Divisional or the Corps Commander, am not sure which. There sits he on his horse, nice and pink and comfortable-looking, shining even like unto the rising sun.

(To be continued)

## You Know What I Mean.

When Dave returns we expect some new dishes will be served in the Men's Mess. What about cream and bah-nah-nahs?

S.M. Ellis (1st ass. to our leading impresario) spoilt Sgt. Coulter's holidays when he fell and broke four bottles.

Tpr. Dawkes (Smokey) has lifted his boycott of the canteen and enjoys very much his game of phat of a night.

Tpr. Cornwall (John D. Noissey)—Honest John) says the cuttle display at the Gaiety last week was the best yet.

Had a talk with a Mr. Powell, of Montreal who is one of the lead- eries in that town, recently and he says **The Goat** is a fine paper.

It won't be long now before we can make the trip by air to Toronto and other outlandish towns as cheaply as by railroad.

Cap. Hunter, our genial medical officer who is very popular hereabouts, swapped bellos with the boys at the dance the other night. A very clever character, is the doc.

Our ginger-ale fiends were just mad because there were no soft drinks at the recent smokers.

Don't forget the concert on the 26th in aid of the S.P.C.V. Come one, come all!

The intellectuals had an easy time of it while "The Count" was away.

The reason why Bill doesn't serve ice-cream any more at the dances is because the ladies find it ruins their stockings when it falls on their knees.

Victor Dawkes (Smokey) is playing second fiddle to Mickey Gilmore in the phat tournament the latter claiming he'll pull him through.

S.S.M.I. C. Smith and Q.M.S. Snape have not yet given out what line they will take up on retirement, although they have expressed the desire to enter some other department of the Public Service.

What about joining Ringling Bros?

Judging from the singing we heard at the Smokers over the holidays, it's evident that Luckies are not popular hereabouts.

If you want to keep posted on Army affairs subscribe to **THE GOAT**.

Cpl. (Mickey) Gilmore has been elected Secretary of the Mess Committee and receives many suggestions daily from those willing to co-operate in spending the Mess Funds.

Another up and coming lad!

Tpr. Desfosse (The Major) spent his holidays in New York City, dining at Childs on Fifth Av.

Capt. J. Wood and S.M.I. (Paddy) Doyle are up in P.E.I.

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We were wondering what DuBerger was building the rabbit hutches for.

Sappho (or is it Sacco?) the canteen cat is back home again after a disastrous two weeks spent in the cook-house.

Sergt. Coulter, Asst. to Chief Janitor (and Q.M.S.) Ellis, surely is a wicked typewriter, judging from the orders of late.

The holidays were appropriate.

ly observed here, the canteen supplying eight barrels.

The Engineers in their plans for the improvement of the Barracks have forgotten to install a gas station.

A good place would be outside the Tailor's Shop.

Now that the cost of a trip from Montreal to New York is only \$50 we humbly suggest that the Polo Field (which has fallen on evil days) be used as a landing

field. After the Canteen closes at night the boys could run down to the big city occasionally and take in Ziegfield's Midnight Follies and still be back for stables in the morning.

• • •

The exodus of hockey players to the U.S. accounts for the poor brand to be seen this year at Cavalry Barracks.

• • •

Ye ed having received so many compliments lately about the methods used in his office, has decided to write an article entitled 'How to Systematize the Work of a Canteen Accountant.'

• • •

This is what we heard the other night on the new super-radio installed by the dance club:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. This is Station KADY broadcasting from their studio in the Mount Royal. We have with us tonight the Shimmy Boys' Orchestra who will play for you 'Let's have another one together' under a Venetian Moon with the compliments of Messrs Lesieur Fils manufacturers of Cement Mixers to be followed later by a song from Mademoiselle DuBerger entitled 'Mon eur poor voo I swaf.'

• • •

You can't get ahead of the people in this town. Last week one of our citizens had a hat delivered from New York to the Barracks by aeroplane.

• • •

Keep your eyes on Third Troop Hockey Team this year.

• • •

Many civilians who visit the canteen are surprised to find we are just a big, happy and wholesome family.

• • •

A closed season for foxes has been declared in P.E.I.

W.C.M.

# LIEUT. IVAN SABOURIN RECOVERS HIS HAT.

While in New York last month Lieut. Ivan Sabourin of St. Johns popular member of the Officers' Mess decided to return home via air route. He made the trip to St. Hubert Airport (near Montreal)

in 3½ hours (fast time). Treacherous side winds were encountered naturally causing Pilot Reader's (of Albany) lone passenger some anxiety.

On Saturday January 5th, just as the men were turning out from noon stables and Bill (the bar-keep) was running off the bad beer before serving those who have the soft jobs, the drone of a plane was heard. Leaving their glasses (empty) they saw the plane circle over the barracks, evidently trying to attract someone's attention. Circling once more and flying very low as it roared across the Square, the passenger (a Mr. Jensen, Customs Supervisor at St. Hubert Airport and wartime member of the Barracks) dropped a parcel which landed on the roof of the Men's Block. With the aid of the fire ladders, the parcel was brought down and found to be Mr. Sabourin's hat (a fedora) which he had forgot in his haste to get out of the plane after landing.

Ivan says it will have to be re-blocked also that he is done skylarking.

## JUMPING IN THE COFFEE-BAR.

Tpr. Watson was admitted to hospital last week having fallen from his remount while riding one night in the coffee-bar. It seems that he and Paddy Costello (Sgt.) were giving an exhibition when Watson's horse started bucking and although he stuck it well for a time, he was eventually thrown.

He is recovering slowly.

In this connection we might add that since jumping in the canteen was barred by Chesley's order (the night Ross had the knock down on the "stove-pipe jump") the schooling of remounts has gone on steadily in the coffee-bar. This is the third or fourth casualty which has occurred lately and unless steps are taken to see that no horses leave the stables after 5 o'clock at night, tan-bark will have to be put on the floor of the coffee-bar.

Besides the horses should be allowed to rest.

Beauty is often only skin dope.

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## Letters to the Editor.

Dear Sir:

I really cannot let the occasion pass without making some acknowledgement to the 'Other Ranks' of the Garrison for the cordial way in which they received me on New Year's Day.

Not only then but always has it been the same and as a sloppy old sentimental ex-R.C.D. I want you all to realize how much this welcome means to me.

Thank you very much. It is a pleasure for me to come down to St. Johns from time to time, but the greatest satisfaction is gained from the realization that you hold nothing against me.

To thank you all personally is rather awkward so I do the next best thing in asking the Editor to be good enough to insert this somewhere where all may see it.

Wishing you well always,

FRED. W. POWELL.

Dear Sir:

"I am very glad the boys of the dear old R.C.D. appreciated 'A Cavalryman.' I did not know, until I sent Mr. Well's article to Sergeant-Major Ackerman at Stanley Barracks, that such a splendid paper as The Goat was in existence. Having always harbored a few tender recollections of the old regiment, it would be very difficult to express to you my appreciation of the value of your paper in reviewing old and pleasant memories. It was through it, though, that I learned with regret of the untimely passing of one under whom I spent my first days as a recruit at Stanley Barracks, then a Sergeant Instructor, the late Major "Jim" Widgery.

Three loud cheers to the writer of "Lindsay Lights," a most entertaining tale of the Musical Ride at the Lindsay Fair, appearing in your October issue. His article recalls other days and other 'instances,' when good Sergeant Major Dingley directed the 'ride.' I wonder if there are any old timers who still recall our efforts at Peterboro. Montreal, etc., and particularly those at the former place? For it was here that the S.M. conveyed his compliments to one or two of

the boys (perhaps more) whose cargo capacity had been the subject of a slight degree of miscalculated rating and which resulted in the famous 'Dingley Embargo.' Boy, how we suffered under that hideously cruel manifesto! Yes we tried it only to learn, as goes the old proverb: 'You can't 'gyp' the Sergeant-Major.

Enjoyed Major Kingsford's story of his experiences in our neighboring Republic, Mexico, appearing in the last issue.

Sorry your Canadian team played in such hard luck at the International Horse Show in New York as outlined in the November Goat. Here's hoping they lift the cup, next time.

With every sincere wish of the season, I am,

Very truly yours,

J. F. CAVANAUGH.

### MORE ABOUT DUCKS FROM BUFFALO.

Strictly speaking ducks are out of season, but the particularly species mentioned casually in the previous issue are evidently not included in the game laws of the country, although we believe there are some (no names no pack drill) who wish they were. As an example and also as a warning of the publicity a mere notice in THE GOAT receives, the following from one of The Old Brigade who left The Regiment in 1899 might be of interest. As the writer states he will be pleased to go further into the matter with anyone who is interested in the subject and so we are publishing his address. As far as THE GOAT is concerned the subject is closed and on no account, 'George' will it be reopened.

52 Poplar Ave.  
Buffalo, N.Y.

Dear Corporal Mundell:

The ruthless 'duck' hunting, including the 'necking' variety, referred to in your "You Know What I Mean" column, prompts me to hand you herewith (that you might convey the information contained therein to all concerned, including your Cpl. Desnoyers) a copy of an antique game law. Perhaps you realize that 'catching the young ducks' (both kinds) is a bad practice when indulged in, and

therefore I would be glad to be of service to any who might become involved in a controversy thereover.

Sincerely,  
J. F. CAVANAUGH  
late R.C.D.

"ORDONNANCE TO PROTECT  
GAME ON CRANE AND GOOSE  
ISLANDS, CANOE AND STE  
MARGUERITE ISLANDS,  
AND ALSO BROSE ISLE,  
QUEBEC, CANADA.

"By His Excellency, Guy Carlton, Captain General and Governor in Chief of the Province of Quebec, Brigadier of His Majesty's Armies, &c. &c.

"Taking into consideration the representations which have been made to us by the Sieur De Longueuil, Seigneur of Crane and Goose Islands, Canoe and Ste. Marguerite Islands, and also Grosse Isle, that by his title he has the exclusive right to shoot on these said Islands—that notwithstanding several persons both from the city and neighboring parishes, and even the inhabitants of these Islands, attempt to shoot there without leave, destroying the hay on the beaches, and catching the young ducks that they find there, thereby diminishing the number considerably for the next hunting season, and also removing each year a quantity of thatching grass; also using as fire-wood the timber on these Islands, we expressly forbid that any person either from Quebec or from the neighboring seigneuries, and likewise, that any of the inhabitants of these Islands, under whatever pretence, do shoot on these Islands or any portion thereof, without the express permission of the Sieur de Longueuil, under pain of legal punishment. We also forbid them to remove the young ducks, to carry away the hatching grass, to destroy the meadow hay, or to burn the timber on the said Islands, without the leave of the said Sieur de Longueuil and the said Sieur de Longueuil may have this ordonnance published in the neighboring parishes.

"Done at Quebec 28th July, 1769.  
"(Signed) GUY CARLTON"  
"Reg. I. Foi et Hommages,  
Folio 226."

She: 'Do you believe in here after?'

He: 'Sure I do.'

She: 'Well, then, hereafter please don't bother me.'



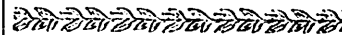
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# "Piggy" Higgs-Plutocrat.

By Trooper White, The Life Guards.

(Courtesy The Household Brigade Magazine.)

"Topper" Brown adopted a bird-of-prey attitude and swooped down upon the unsuspecting Tpr. Horatio Higgs, with the words, "What about this blightin' 'alf a dollar, Piggy?" Piggy dumbly but eloquently dived deep in his trouser pocket and held out fourpence, for inspection. "Cripes," snorted Topper. "your a ruddy fine cove, any'ow."

A pained expression fitted across Piggy's cadaverous features. "My good Topper," he exclaimed, "worryin' yourself over trifles. Think of the rent we owes America, and consider yerself lucky it is only a paltry 'alf a crown, or dollar, as you so coarsely hexpresses it." This flow of eloquence left Topper gasping, and Piggy the tactician, filed quietly into the wet bar.

"Good evening," greeted Bill, the barman, as Piggy approached the bar. "No credit, Mr. 'iggs."

"Credit!" retorted Piggy indignantly; "you refuse the 'ouse of 'iggs credit! Here"—planking down on the counter three-quarters of his capital—"give me a small one."

Bill's face lit up as he observed the coin of the realm. "Your little account, Mr. 'iggs—p'raps—"

"P'raps nothing," returned Piggy, on his dignity. "I was a going to pay you if you 'adn't been so himpudent." Carefully placing the "staff of life" on the table, for fear of losing a drop, Piggy sat down and looked around. There were about half a dozen fellow-troopers seated also, but they very conveniently looked away as he tried to catch their eyes. "Blowed if I know," ruminated he gloomily, "the Army's going to the dogs. Just 'cause a bloke's a bit short of the needy they gives 'im a miss-in-balk."

Just then the door swung open, breaking up his reflections. The newcomer was one 'Abe' Rywell, a trooper of Jewish descent and Scotch habits. It was his nightly custom to purchase from the wet-bar a packet of Carters' Crisps

from which he made a frugal repast that counted as supper. Naturally in the face of such economy he was reported to be passing wealthy, but much eloquence had been wasted in trying to extract a loan from him. Piggy, however, came of optimistic stock.

"Hullo, Abe!" he cried affably; "I got some news for you."

Abe glanced at him with natural suspicion, but anyhow sat down in the next chair.

"Look 'ere," began Piggy confidentially, "it's me birthday tomorrow, and the old chap allus sends me a quid; lend me ten bob, I'll give yer twelve-and-six back."

Such a rate of interest aroused Abe's business instincts, and the story was original, but his native caution prevailed. "I'm thorry," he began, and recited a list of people he had just lent money to, leaving himself short.

"Skates!" snapped Piggy tersely, realizing the hopelessness of his appeal. "Pop off."

Abe, full of apologies, skated. Just then a brilliant idea smote Piggy's rather thick skull. "Ere Jonah," he remarked to one of his more affluent associates, "lend us a ha'-penny?"

Jones, only too pleased to get off so lightly obliged. With this and his remaining penny Piggy immediately purchased a stamp. Ten minutes later he was poring diligently over a page torn from a Sunday newspaper.

"Huh!" grunted his bed-tick, one "Sweeny" Todd, glancing over. "Football competition! What a ruddy 'ope your got!"

"Yeth," put in Abe Rywell, "not much chance."

"Shut up, Rabbi!" snapped Piggy. Abe quickly subsided.

"Might be able to pay yer blomin' debts if yer win," announced the disconsolate 'Topper' Brown, memories of half a crown still ranking.

"All right—all right," said Piggy loftily; "you'll all be faunisating round me, I suppose, when I get the money." There was a general outburst of sarcasm at this.

Saturday arrived. Piggy, after his usual Friday night enjoyment, was terribly bent if not completely broke. Eagerly he pounced on the newspaper boy that evening who appeared with "all the results." List in hand, Piggy began to check his forecast. Twelve results had to be forecasted and he grew visibly excited as he scanned the results. "Strewth," he gasped, "ten right so far." His room mates gathered round as he turned feverishly to the stop press column. This announced that Aston Villa had drawn away from home and Manchester City had won. "Blime!" creaked Piggy in a strained voice, "I got the bloomin' lot right."

Abe the business man took the paper and re-checked the coupon. "Ith right, you elaps," he announced. "Two hundred and fifty quids, Piggy old boy."

The plutocrat came out of his trance. "Come on, you blokes, all of you we'll have a good drink on this." With the prospect of free beer, they went; even Abe, who didn't drink, wasn't going to miss a free treat.

"Twelve pints," said Bill the barman doubtfully. "'Ere, the —"

Magnificently Piggy flourished the football coupon. "It's all right" said Topper Brown. "We saw the dear old fellows send it. "Good eavins," said Bill. "Two hundred and fifty quid. Course you can 'ave credit Mr. Higgs—a good customer like you."

"Dear ole Piggy," said Topper joyously, as he negotiated his fifth pint, "I was only jokin' about that 'alf dollar."

"Never mind," returned Piggy grandiloquently, "I'll give yer ten bob interest when I get me money."

The beer and excitement had a mellowing effect on even Abe Rywell. "I thay, Piggy," he lisped, "I can lend you a fiver if you gimme seven quid back."

"Done," said Piggy, and with a magnificent gesture paid his account behind the bar, to the joy and relief of Bill the barman.

Piggy sent in his claim to the Sunday Scribe, and the ensuing week was one of unrivalled prosperity in Piggy's own room. Abe stood banker, and by Friday Piggy owed him the sum of eleven pounds ten, plus five pounds interest.

Saturday morning, and the or-

derly-corporal presented Piggy with an official and prosperous-looking letter. "Hi, you blokes," he cried waving it aloft, "'ere is!" Up dashed Abe, propelled by his Semitic origin. Round him they all crowded. "Stand back!" chuckled Piggy, delaying the great moment; then with trembling fingers tore open the envelope. Eagerly he scanned the important typed missive. A slow horror spread over his face. His eyes rolled awfully, and the letter fell from his nerveless fingers. Abe, scenting tragedy, snatched it up and read aloud in a quavering voice.

"Dear Sir,

"The publishers of the Sunday Scribe have much pleasure in forwarding you the sum of fifteen shillings (15s) as your share of our Football Competition of the 11th that you forecasted correctly. You share the prize of £250 with 374 other of our readers. Wishing you further success,

We are,

Yours sincerely,

"The Sunday Scribe."

Abe finished the letter in a hysterical voice. "My God! My God! my lovely monies!" he cried.

"Shove the rotten sprucer in the water trough," someone suggested.

Willing hands obliged. Water had no effect, Piggy laid there—head and feet protruding, his eyes still bulging at the postal order for fifteen shillings.

Reversed Angel.—A young doctor, trying to be a little sobby while addressing a mothers' meeting, said: "In all this world there's nothing so sweet as the smile on the face of an upturned child."

"I am burning with love for you." "Oh, don't make a fuel of yourself."

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## Colours, Standards and Guidons.

By T. D. Masey, late R.C.D.

At times I have seen the Regimental "Guidon" alluded to as the "Standard," and "Colours;" so I have been induced to write this article to correct such errors and to give some information concerning "Standards," "Guidons," and "Colours" together with their origin and peculiarities with the hope that it may interest some of the readers of *The Goat*.

When titled men, Barons, Knights, etc. and Kings wore their crests on their helmets they also had their family badges on their shields and also on the flags of their lances the better to be located by their own fighting followers on foot.

A BARON had a long pennon on his lance. On receiving promotion on the field the long point of the flag was cut off and the shortened flag styled a "Guidon."

On the next rise in rank, the "Guidon" was cut square and was called a Standard. In the reign of Charles the First and during the Civil War, these 'Rank Flags' were carried on a short staff or 'Baton' and were used to distinguish the different 'Troops of Horse' raised and commanded by the gentry who had their arms embroidered on them.

The officers selected to carry them were juniors and were referred to by the name of the small flag they carried.

In the years of the Stuarts this abbreviated flag was called a Cornet, and the junior officer was known as a 'cornet.' This title survived in the British Army down to the middle of Queen Victoria's reign. When Charles the Second was proclaimed king, most of the Civil War, Regiments of "Horse" had been disbanded, but the Earl of Oxford's Horse still existed and it was eventually included among the Household Troops and is now known as The Royal Horse Guards (Blues.)

They are the only Regiment of 'Horse' and have no peers.

In the reigns of George the First and Second, other Regiments of Horse were converted into Dragoon Guards, but to make some amends for their loss of dignity as

'Horse' they were allowed to carry Standards, the same as 'Horse.'

Dragoons were a hybrid, between a cavalryman and foot soldier and had a lower rate of pay. They were allowed to carry guidons only.

All these flags in course of time had the names of campaigns and battles embroidered on them for the edification of future generations of soldiers. The Standard of the 'Horse' was strictly a banner.

It is very apparent that 'Horse' took precedence over Dragoon Guards and Dragoons. The Standard of Colonel Ligonier's Horse (now the 7th Dragoon Guards; Black Horse) is still in possession of the descendants of Cornet H. Richardson who carried it at the battle of Dettingen and had it presented to him as a souvenir of his great bravery on that occasion. It is of crimson silk embroidered with the Ligonier Arms and war-trophies and has a small 'Union' in upper corner. Infantry Regiments carried a larger flag, known as Colours and in the earliest raised Regiments, every Company having its own 'Colours' with particular badge on it, so that in case it was isolated it could rally on its own Colour. As so many Colours led to confusion in course of time they were abolished and one "Regimental" substituted for the whole Regiment.

The only 'Company Colour' that survives now is the Colour of No. 1 Company, The King's Company, 1st Battalion, Grenadier Guards, carried on their annual 'Trooping the Colour.'

State ceremonial Standards and Colours that have been presented by the sovereign to Household Troops are Crimson and only appear on parade at ceremonies of state.

In the Foot Guards the King's Colour is Crimson and has Crown and Royal initials on it. The Regimental Colour is the union of three crosses. In Infantry Regiments other than the Guards, the King's Colour is The Union and the Regimental, the colours of the facings of the Regiment. The King's Colour has the title and number of the Regiment; the badges and scrolls on which appear the campaigns and battles (or honours.) In war-time, the colour pole, or staff had a spear-head which would give an ugly dig to a would-be capturer

of colours. The Colours are rightly entitled to all dignity and respect of soldier and civilian alike for they represent the Sovereign and the Nation and the sacrifices of thousands of lives for the maintenance of their Country and Flag in the strife of survival among other nations for hundred of years. Rifle Regiments do not possess colours as they did not need them to guide them in an advance or to rally on as they more or less acted on their own initiative, in extended order, or as snipers, or drawing the fire of the enemy to disclose his positions. Their honours are worn on the front plate of helmet and chaos. Light-Cavalry (Hussars and Lancers) for much the same reasons did not need "Guidons" as they were used as orderlies or gallopers also for skirmishing, outposts and detached duties that broke up the Regiment. Their battle honours are, in consequence of not having flags, displayed on the silk gold-laced and fringed coverings of the kettle-drums, termed drum-banners. The 21st Lancers have the unique, distinction of having each drum-banner different in design. Before the battle of Omdurman (1897) they were the 21st Hussars but issued with lances for the Sudan Campaign. At this time, being the youngest Regiment, they had no honours, their first being "Omdurman" 1897.

The 15th, The King's Hussars have two sets of Drum-banners. One set simple and without honours for marching out and the beautiful crimson and embroidered ceremonial ones.

In the early days, the making and embroidering of Standards, Guidons, Colours and Trumpet Banners was a labour of love and skill; performed by ladies whose relations were connected with the Regiment.

Now-a-days, they are often supplied by contract by the Army Accoutrement makers and outfitters and in consequence lose much of the interest and respect they would have if made and presented by ladies.

Flosh: "I never kissed a girl in my life."

She: "Well, don't come around me, I am not running a prep school."

## Experiences of a Russian Cavalry Officer.

By Capt. Boris Tchitcherin, Russian Imperial Guard.

(Concluded)

Our opponents dispersed and vanished. Few arrests were made of suspects noticed in the fighting which at moments had been carried on at very close quarters it having been difficult to recognize friend from foe, because of the similarity of costume. Besides the prison guards, nine of our comrades paid with their lives, and a score of our wounded were taken to the hospital.

We did not enjoy long the fruits of our local success. A few days later we lost touch with Kiev, the metropolis and the headquarters of General Keller. Soon we learned to our dismay that Skoropadsky's government had been overthrown, the Ukrainian socialists and its members either in prison or in flight, and that our commander in chief had been arrested and summarily shot. As far as we were concerned, the Ukrainian socialists were little better than the Moscow communists. Members of General Keller's forces, if caught unawares, were being jailed and many of them shot. The bourgeoisie was beginning to fare a similar fate. There was a general scramble out of the country via Roumania and Odessa, which according to rumours was already occupied by a contingent of French troops. The situation was both tragical and ludicrous.

To complicate matters, already sufficiently confusing, the Soviet troops were now marching through the country, meeting with only weak opposition from small detachments like our own. A few weeks later the whole Ukraine was in the hands of the bolsheviks, and the local socialists were themselves ingloriously kicked out after a short-lived and brutal reign. The hunters had become the hunted.

Meanwhile our little corps was in a dilemma. About six hundred miles of country already partly occupied by the Bolsheviki separat-

ed us from General Alexeev's forces in the southeast and from Poland to the west. Winter had set in and all the railways, except three main lines from Kiev, had stopped operating because of lack of fuel. The coal fields of the Donets basin were in the hands of the Soviets. Wood had to be used on the engines still in operation, but in the open prairies of the south it was scarce and the supply very uncertain. We had received already from the new authorities in Kiev the orders to disband, they not having in Chernigov the means to deal with us in a high-handed way. Our little force stood little chance of fighting its way out of the country marching several hundred miles. At a meeting of all ranks it was finally decided to split up in twos and threes and make our way out as best we could.

The problem then arose, what to do with my sister's family. It was out of the question for her with three small children to travel at the time of the year in open sleighs and unheated box cars, through a country that was fast turning Bolshevik. On the other hand my brother-in-law and myself were certain to be seized and shot sooner or later, if not by the Ukrainian socialists then certainly by the Soviet communists that would obviously soon take their place. Women and children stood a chance of remaining unmolested, but for the men it was hopeless. It required some courage for my sister to remain alone with her children to face the coming storm, but she did it and bravely, without hesitation made her decision. With heavy hearts we parted one night. I was not to see her again for over a year, after many a harrowing experience to both of us. My brother-in-law was to follow me a couple of days later. With a companion from my detachment I had decided to make my way out of the Ukraine without planning a definite route, but with the final object of reaching the headquarters of General Alexeev in the southeast of Russia some way or other.

This second flight of mine is a long story in itself. We expected and did have to change our route several times under dictate of circumstances. It took us two months of precarious existence to reach Polish territory already occupied by allied troops. Thence I

journeyed to Berlin, where I was stranded for three weeks and witnessed the struggle between the Spartacists, or German bolsheviks, and the provisional government. Eventually I reached Norway, where my Mother and one of my sisters were residing for over a year now. A few weeks later I crossed over with them to England, where my Mother, by birth an Englishwoman, finally settled.

News from Russia in the foreign press was vague and confusing. It took some time for me to see clearly. However, eventually it became evident that General Denikin, who succeeded General Alexeev after the latter's sudden death, was the most serious opponent of the Soviet regime. There were rumours that Great Britain and France were supporting him. To his headquarters I finally journeyed by way of France, Italy, the Mediterranean and the Black Sea, towards the close of the summer of 1919.

The history of the last year of the Russian civil war in the southern provinces will always remain a vivid picture in the minds of those who took part in it. The old world was in a death grip with the new and bitterness on both sides had reached a high pitch. Men turned callous by so many years of war and privations, with their minds unbalanced by the foundering of normal social order and the loss of everything that was precious in life, with ideas of right and wrong completely confused were at the same time performing deeds of heroic selfnegation and revolting brutality. The sublime, the sordid and the bestial were in a hopeless jumble. At the front no quarter was given to our commissioned ranks captured by the reds, and our side retaliated by dispatching all registered members of the communist party who fell into our hands, if they happened to be detected as such. On our side the executions were performed in the field, as soon as an engagement was over, by willing volunteers. In one regiment I knew a young fellow, otherwise normal and very likeable and popular member of his mess, who usually asked as a favor to do the shooting. His parents and sisters had been brutally murdered by the communists in his very presence and he had escaped by a miracle. He kept a careful list of

his victims. He wanted so many for each murdered relative. The last time I saw him I inquired by way of conversation about his list. "How many?" "Fifty two", he answered with unnatural calm and a strange gleam in his eyes.

As a background, in the southern towns and cities, overcrowded with several million refugees from Soviet territory, famine was beginning to show its gaunt spectre, and pestilence, unchecked by the collapse of the public health service and a total absence of medicaments, was decimating the helpless and half crazy population. In emergency hospitals, the wounded and the sick, many just on the floor with a little straw under them, lay mixed together, the doctor and nurses helpless to alleviate their sufferings. In the streets livid, emaciated figures of men, recovering from disease, could be seen staggering in search of a place of refuge. An occasional military funeral might be observed, a coffin of rough planks on a gun carriage followed by a platoon or company of ragged and often barefooted men, whose rifles alone proclaimed them to be soldiers, with an incomplete brass band playing the regulation "March Funbre" of Chopin, the beauty of the music contrasting pathetically with the squalid crowd and surroundings. And right close, in the amusement places filled to capacity, wild revelry; wine, women and song. In reactionary dissipation men were seeking momentary oblivion from unbearable reality. Whole families perished from the raging epidemics of typhoid, spotted and recurrent typhus. The members of others were separated by the accidents of flight and vainly tried to locate each other. People just disappeared without word. Sometimes a sick man would be left behind on a forced march and be buried in an unknown grave. Distant raids were carried out by both sides in a war of constant manoeuvring and shifting front lines. Parties and single men were often surprised by the enemy far back in the rear sometimes in the dead of night, and perished unknown to their friends. The vast prairies of the south in many places were reverting to a primitive state. One could see blades of wheat, oats or barley surrounded by wild grass, and the

furrows of what was once the granary of Europe gradually being obliterated by the levelling act of the atmosphere. And it was not uncommon to observe in this reviving wilderness bones, with a few decayed rags on them fluttering in the breeze—a human body returning to the dust from whence it came. Who had the man been? A trooper killed in a skirmish, or a lone fugitive weakened by disease and whose death had been witnessed only by indifferent nature? Who could tell? At a small station where my train carrying me back to the front from a short leave, had stopped for ten minutes, I met an old college pal. He was travelling in the opposite direction. We had not met for over five years, since the last winter before the war in St. Petersburg, and I hardly recognized him. A gourmet, with a plump and florid countenance, known as a wit and popular for the choice lunches he gave to his fellow students in his 'digs,' he was now much thinner and clothed in a shabby old coat. His baggage consisted of a gunny sack tied by a bit of string. As my train moved, we shook hands "Adieu," he said simply with philosophical calm, "we may see each other again." We never did; a year later I happened to learn that he had died of typhus during his trip southward, somewhere on the coast.

Relatives were fighting on both sides and in the villages one never knew who was friend and who foe. And ever present in the north, as the skeleton in a feast of ancient Egypt, could be visualized the communist menace with the bloodthirsty "Cheka" in its wake. The "Red Terror" had been officially inaugurated as a method of government.

The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse were stalking through the world; men spoke in the words of the Revelation of St. John.

The Soviet army and ours swayed back and forth. General Wrangel, who had succeeded the disheartened Denikin, infused fresh vigour into our army, but the chances of war brought disasters as well as temporary successes. One by one armies similar to ours in other parts of Russia, driven out of the struggle weakened by lack of equipment, munitions and clothing. I remember one day at

the front our regiment had occupied new billets to take a few days rest. After seeing to my men's quarters I reported to the C.O. and found him in bed. It was still early in the afternoon and I had heard no complaints from him during the day's march. "Are you sick?" I inquired with some surprise. "No, I am quite well," he said, "but my batman is washing my shirt and underwear and I have only one set of clothing left." I jokingly compared him to Epaminondas, the hero of antiquity, who was so poor, that when his mother washed his only tunic, he stayed in bed, whatever that was in his days. I presented the C.O. with one of my shirts and sets of underwear, having still three in my possession. I was reckoned rich according to prevailing standards.

By August 1920, when Poland signed peace with Moscow, we were the only opponents of triumphant communism left in the field. Admiral Kolchak had already collapsed in Siberia, so had General Miller in Archangel and General Youdenitch in the north-west. In November we were finally crushed in the Crimea by overwhelming numbers. A last engagement with the enemy, which gave us a temporary advantage, enabled us to steal a march on him. Marching almost uninterruptedly for nearly forty hours, we reached the sea coast. We had been preparing during the last few days for a final desperate struggle, with death as its only possible end at bay in the mountains of the coast range. Instead, we were led to the harbour of Yalta, where a few ships had been hastily gathered to pick us up. Such a possibility had seemed incredible to us and was due to our farsighted and efficient commander-in-chief.

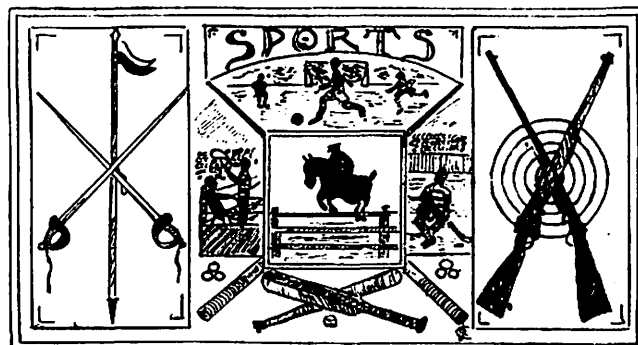
On the morning of November 15, I rode with my squadron down the highway, winding among orchards and vineyards that covered the slopes of the mountains. At one of the turnings Yalta suddenly appeared at our feet, about a mile away. In the harbour, bathed by the warm sunshine of the Russia Riviera, we saw several ships by the granite pier and the old French cruiser Waldeck Rousseau, anchored a little way out, her guns ready to cover our last movements. France was officially supporting our efforts in the struggle against bolshevism. At the sight, our men

took off their caps, making the sign of the cross in silent prayer of thanks for an unhoped for deliverance from the dreaded end.

Riding out on the pierhead, we dismounted, and leaving our chargers to their fate, with our saddles in hand climbed up the companion ladder. My regiment was the rear guard, ten minutes after we had boarded over ship we weighed anchor. As we steamed slowly out of harbour we sighted H.M. cruiser Kornilov, one of the last vestiges of the Imperial Russian Navy in the Black Sea. General Wrangel was on the captain's deck. When he was recognized and our flag dipped in salute, a mighty shout, as from one man, rose from our decks packed tight with humanity. Our men cheered wildly, with tears in their eyes, some of them, from overstrung emotion waving their hands and caps in unmilitary fashion. One felt intuitively that they all wanted to express their confidence in the leader, who had always stood courageously by them in moments of crisis and danger, a confidence unshattered by the final disaster. "We have lost the game, we are beaten," they seemed to say, "and we are leaving our native land as exiles for an unknown future, but our spirits are undaunted and you are our trusted and beloved chief."

The mountainous coast of the Crimea gradually receded in the distance and finally disappeared in the midst of the horizon. Would we ever see it again? The nightmare of internecine strife was over but the future held no promise of normal life for us. Exiles, wandering in strange lands, always and everywhere foreigners, this was our vague and uncertain fate for not accepting the new gospel called communism. The steamer, economizing its very limited supply of coal, slowly pursued its course southward, heading for the Bosphorus, over the fortunately calm sea. As night fell and a bright moon shone over the ever restless waters, quietly at first, but gradually gaining in volume, a chorus made itself heard. The Russian, true to his nature, was easing his heavy heart by expressing his feelings in a sad and stirring melody.

A week of semi-starvation and acute discomfort on a terribly overcrowded steamer; Constantinople, with its slender minarets and



## GARRISON HOCKEY LEAGUE.

### Schedule 1929.

3rd Troop vs. 1st Troop.  
2nd Troop vs. 'D' Coy. The R.C.R.  
1st Troop vs. 2nd Troop.  
'D' Coy. vs. 3rd Troop.  
2nd Troop vs. 3rd Troop.  
1st Troop vs. 'D' Coy.  
1st Troop vs. 3rd Troop.  
'D' Coy. vs. 2nd Troop.  
2nd Troop vs. 1st Troop.  
3rd Troop vs. 'D' Coy.  
3rd Troop vs. 2nd Troop.  
'D' Coy. vs. 1st Troop.  
Games to be played when decided upon by the Committee.

### 1ST TROOP 16 vs. 3RD TROOP 1

The opening game of the Garrison Hockey League played between the above teams was a decidedly one-sided game, as will be seen from the score.

The general opinion is that 1st

old Byzantine walls, where those who could shift for themselves were asked to do so, and then on a French troop ship to Marseilles.

Six months of life in England partially restored my normal self. Some letters exchanged and I was crossing the Atlantic, Quebec, the St. Lawrence River and then two days of Canadian scenery out of a railway carriage. Winnipeg! and I got off my train. The smiling face of Chimp Andrews, not seen since 1916 in Denholm, was welcoming me to Canada. A young woman by his side stepped out and shook me warmly by the hand. 'My wife,' said Chimp sheepishly. I picked up my grip and followed my friends out of the station to face a new world and make a fresh start in life.

(The End.)

Troop missed a good opportunity to improve their play, practically every goal resulting from an individual rush.

White says it was a very "peppery" game. We agree, but we also believe that he had his signals crossed.

Names of those composing the teams will be published in the next issue.

### R.C.R. 4 vs. 2nd TROOP 2.

The above teams staged a thrilling encounter when at the end of the 3rd period the score stood 1-1. After ten minutes overtime, the score was 2-2. It was then decided to play another overtime period of ten minutes and during this period the Gravel-crushers banged two pass Gilmore. For the remainder of the game the R.C.R.'s played a stone-wall defence.

For the first game of the season both teams played exceptionally well, the game being thoroughly enjoyed by the spectators.

Tpr. Perkins (Frank) has accepted a position with Major Timmis, Tpr. Doherty (Big Boy) having returned to Ireland to reorganize the army.

The latest rumour from the cook-house is that the Irish in U.S. are scheming to run all the Yanks and French-Canadians out of the country. Jack also claims that the Pope is thinking of turning Methodist.

You can bank on that.—New Bank Clerk (dictating and in doubt): "Miss Jones, do you retire a loan?"

Stenographer: "No, I sleep with Aunt Emma."

Nowadays the only sign of toil on a girl's hand is an engagement ring.

**PROPOSED PROGRAMME OF  
CONCERT IN AID OF S.P.C.A.  
ST. JOHNS.**

Mr. Ivan Sabourin, Tenor.  
Miss Papineau, Song.  
Mr. Chapman, Yodle Song.  
Pte. Gough, Song.  
Tpr. Henderson, Scotch comed-  
dian.  
Mlle Alice Brosseau, Selected.  
Sgt. Langley, Comedian.  
Mr. Paul Hebert, Tenor.  
Maj. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., The  
prestidigitator.  
Mr. J. A. Roy, Song  
Mr. Riddle, Bagpipes.  
Miss Grace Allan Hyatt, Soprano  
Mrs. Hill, Contralto.  
Sgt. Jewkes and Son, Comedy.  
Mr. Wilkins and Miss Hyatt.  
Duet.  
Miss Chapman and friend, Pia-  
noforte duet.  
Al Fletcher and Co., Comedy.  
Tprs. McManus and White, Co-  
medy.  
"An Easy Catch" S. M. Ellis  
and Co.

Gold digger's version:—Nobody  
loves a flat man.

**AT THE CENOTAPH**

"Here are twelve roses. Let me  
count them over,"  
Before I lay them on the rock-  
washed stone...  
One for my wounded batman  
drowned off Dover.  
Who got me out of No Man's  
Land alone;  
These three for Matthews, and his  
mad twin brothers,  
Missing at Ypres... their names  
are on the Gate;  
And this for John... No, I'll not  
name the others,  
They only shared the common,  
gallant fate.  
Let the names go; they let life go  
so lightly  
Why drag them down with clum-  
sy word let fall  
By one particular grief? An end so  
knightly  
Bids us keep silence. Unknown  
warriors all,  
They strove and passed, and these  
few scarlet roses  
Show that a new faith springs  
where dead hope closes."  
(Anon in the Sat. Review, Lon.)

**IT'S ALL IN THE STATE OF MIND**

If you think you are beaten, you are;  
If you think you dare not, you don't;  
If you think you'd like to win, but you can't,  
It's almost a "cinch" you won't;  
If you think you'll lose, you've lost,  
For out in the world you'll find  
Success begins with a fellow's will—  
It's all in the state of mind.

Full many a race is lost  
Ere even a race is run,  
And many a coward fails  
Ere even his work's begun.  
Think big, and your deeds will grow,  
Think small and you fall behind.  
Think that you can and you will;  
It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you are outclassed, you are;  
You've got to think high to rise;  
You've got to be sure of yourself before  
You can ever win a prize.  
Life's battle doesn't always go  
To the stronger or faster man;  
But sooner or later, the man who wins  
Is the fellow who thinks he can.  
We regret we are unable to give the author of  
the above credit his name not being known to us.

ED.

# When is a thirst a Pleasure ?

That's an easy one to answer... when you've  
got a glass of O'KEEFE'S at your elbow.

For a real "he-man" thirst there's nothing so  
absolutely satisfying as the beers O'KEEFE'S  
brew... EXTRA OLD STOCK ALE, OLD  
STOCK PORTER or PILSENER LAGER.

They "hit the spot" EVERYTIME!

If you don't believe it... next trip to the can-  
teen or mess... just say "O'KEEFE'S!"

Get the same pleasure out of your Beer that  
others have been doing since the memorable  
year 1846.

Memorable because that was the year when  
O'KEEFE'S first began brewing... 82 years  
ago.

## O'Keefe's BEERS

EXTRA OLD	OLD STOCK	PILSENER
STOCK ALE	PORTER	LAGER

O'Keefe's Beverages Ltd., Toronto.

Makers of fine Beverages  
since 1846.